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*The Pope  
and the  
New Crusade*

BY

POLYBIUS

*F. Hartley*







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*The Pope  
and  
The New Crusade*

BY

POLYBIUS

*Os Leonis Os Petri*



"ΕΙΣ ΚΟΙΡΑΝΟΣ ΕΣΤΩ."

—*Iliad, ii., 204.*

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NEW YORK.

I.

THE POPE AND THE NEW  
CRUSADE.



I.

Philanthropic feats benign  
We relate, oh ! Tuneful Nine,  
To galvanize this sick, lethargic land and  
age !  
Scatter opulence broadcast—  
Hoodlums, cobblers at the last—  
Come, toiling crowds, participate our mission  
sage !

II.

Hidden truths shall we reveal,  
Mystic laws boldly unseal,  
Erstwhile clos'd to all misgovern'd sons of  
Eve !  
Nature's bounties spread apace—  
Cataractic floods of grace  
Perennial flow on who our craze sublime be-  
lieve !

## III.

Theories sophistical,  
Mephistophelistical—  
Far from pre-Adamic nations fresh imported,  
    The primordial chaos  
    (At the millionaire's sole loss)  
To the poor man's balance-sheet straightway  
    transported !

## IV.

By our potent magic wand  
    We'll so reinvest the land  
Sobs and groans, like Egypt's plagues, 'll flee  
    before us !  
Then, in patriarchal ways,  
    Happy lisp life's laughing lays,  
Enchanted nature disenthralld, resume the  
    chorus !

## V.

Jovian paternity !  
Georgian fraternity !  
Ho ! clear the way for “ The Cross of the New  
Crusade ! ”  
“ No Pov’rty Society ”  
(Grab unto satiety)—  
Zounds ! nor land, nor light, nor—moonshine,  
by man was made !

## VI.

Our saving Cross—an axe,  
Our supreme law—no tax,  
Go blissful bask in sunlit bowers all life long !  
“ The sanctity of labor ”  
(The fair Eve’s apple savor,)  
It ringeth blithely as king rooster’s matin  
song !

## VII.

Bucolic creed Dianian,  
Herbaceous—all Arcadian—  
Knight-toilers Æolian evangel reverent !  
    Oh ! tender tulip teacher,  
    Oh ! pretty pansy preacher,  
Archimandrite of the “unearned increment !”

## VIII.

In the sweat upon thy brow  
(Spake the One Eternal Now)  
Curst ! shalt thou eat the bread of life till life's  
    a blank ?  
Pshaw ! superstitious trader  
(Glosseth our arch crusader—  
Awry bear of Pennsylvania's mountebank !)

## IX.

Ah ! grim, hybrid alliance—  
Mongrel twin-apes of science  
List ! they've seized the tail of the scientific cel !  
Ay ! dupe brainless multitudes—  
Cads, cranks, callous spinsters, dudes !  
Ye doom'd denizens of stern Uncle Sam's bas-  
tile !

## X.

Ills of Capital ye fight  
(Only \$75.00 per night !)  
Rome's Capitol was sav'd by half seventy  
geese !  
To bamboozle the masses  
Go in to scalp the classes—  
Alack ! rich, poor, high, low, amuck go on to  
fleece !

## XI.

Swift swells big golden “divvy,”  
Now sport the gay “Tantivy”  
Tally-ho ! thro’ hill and dell, heigh ! Faugh-a-  
balaugh !  
Sancho Panza George for “whip,”  
Ev’ry mile the cheering “nip,”  
Homing, wreath the foaming bowl—in Pov’rty  
Hollow !

## XII.

Peter’s piscatorial hook,  
Temper’d fine in Kedron’s brook,  
Greek George nerv’d of old to bag the slimy  
Dragon ;  
Ha ! th’ anglers of our Zion  
Fish wide of Tiber’s Lion,  
Ho ! dragoon’d they drive Old Harry’s mar-  
ket wagon !

## XIII.

Behold the New Creation !  
Fat, frothy declamation,  
Neoplastic, black, de-Christianiz'd Labarum !  
Of belov'd "disciple" blest  
(Oh ! ye gods, give us a rest !)  
Ghastly shade of ghostly "Judices Cau-  
sarum !"



II.

THE CRUSADER TO THE  
POPE.



I.

Hail, High Pontiff ! from afar  
Come I, not to carry war  
'Gainst the rock that pulverizeth kings and  
sages,  
But to fix the Pope's own eyes  
On th' abysmal truth that lies  
In great Henry George's rich-embroider'd  
pages !

II.

In fact, Most Holy Father,  
You need advice the rather—  
That mere garbl'd information prepossesses ;  
Even lofty minds like yours,  
Nay, at times mayhap obscures—  
The which your countless loving sons sore  
distresses.

III.

In American affairs  
There's a set of millionnaires—  
Gosh ! they want to ride it rough-shod o'er  
the masses !  
So myself and Henry George  
Weapons engineer'd to forge  
Once for all to "put a head" upon the classes !

IV.

What with gross fatuity,  
Wanton ambiguity,  
Weeping millions of the people outcasts  
hurl'd !  
Laws in fallacies founded,  
By judges base expounded,  
The whole fabric of society's imperill'd !

V.

Customs, usages clean wrong,  
Government itself a song,

Oh ! bless this “ New Crusade ”—all sorrow’s  
panacea !

Give knaves, rogues, intrig’ing swarms,  
“ Their belly full of reforms ; ”

No fabl’d sucklings we of lupine priestess  
Rhea.

VI.

Fancy not we’re quite so green

As to worship “ the machine ”

Of your singularly “ mixed ” administration ;

Nor diplomatic fakirs,

Nor toged mischief-makers,

Can our end achieve—mankind’s emancipa-  
tion !

## VII.

Far more papal than the Pope,  
We'll not give the rich free rope—  
Our wage-winning hosts t' enslave on bread  
and water;  
Rather win unique renown,  
Samsonize New York's old town,  
Hail! Neroic, Roman holiday of slaughter!

## VIII.

Just to our plans pray "tumble,"  
Nor be cajol'd to stumble.  
Lo! we'll revive the halcyon days of Mother  
Church!  
But by Matthew, Mark, Luke, John,  
If our cause you frown upon,  
We'll leave Pope, Vatican, Prop'ganda in the  
lurch'

IX.

Let Rome's Pontiff understand  
Mighty Heaven made the land  
For all Noah's sons' delight and common  
glory !  
Lest some "club" from West'rn  
shores  
Wi' rough, rugged, roofless pores—  
Tom'hawk "th' old gentleman's stove-pip'd  
upper story !"

X.

Put an apostolic ban !  
On the liberties of man !  
In Manhattan's sea-girt citadel of freedom !  
Harp in harmonious staves,  
With tough Tammany's brusque braves !  
Bones of Franklin ! this is resurrecting  
Tweedom !

## XI.

“ Compensation !—not a penny !”  
(What ! tak’st me for a Jenny ?)  
Unto the heartless, “ miscall’d owners of the  
soil !”  
Let the rich wax richer still ?  
Let the poor man tread the mill ?  
Great Scott ! it makes my blood like 'Frisco's  
geysers boil !

## XII.

Strong behind us are the “ Knights ”  
(Ahem! O’Brien’s “ black-eye ” frights--)  
You bet they capture, sure, next Presidential  
vote ;  
Mark ! I’ve given you the hint,  
In this matter there’s a mint,  
Your man to Washington our “ wave ” 'll sure-  
ly float.

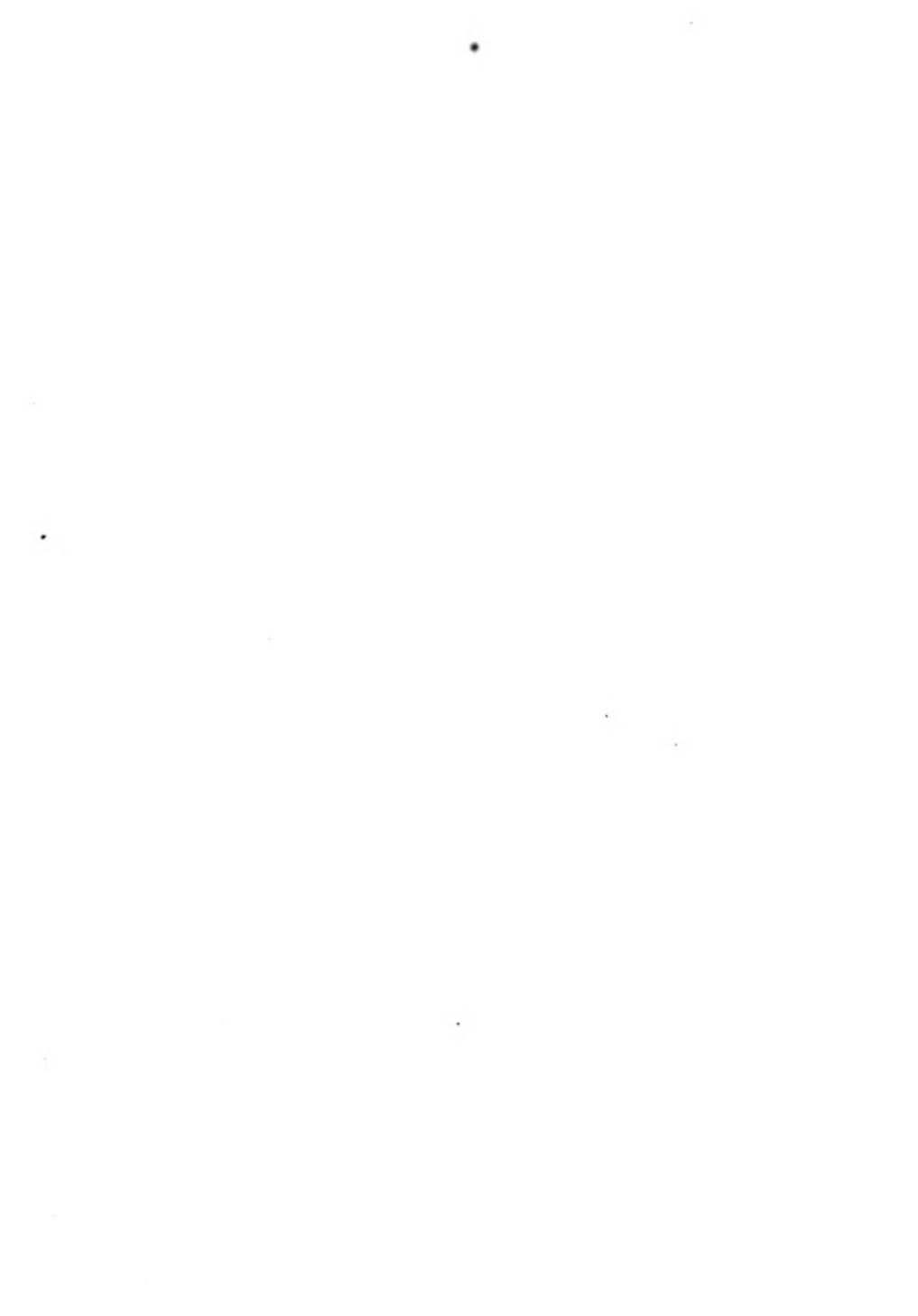
XIII.

With this choice evangel true,  
We bid Your Holiness—adieu !

Remember, prithee ! we are nearing fast the  
“ Fall.”

Whosoever trusts in me,  
Says good-by to poverty—

Well ! see you later on *the* question—  
“ AFTER ALL.”



III.

THE POPE TO THE CRU.  
SADER.



I.

Now, good Doctor, quoth the Pope,  
We can give thee no soft soap  
(As to far-famed Blarney Castle—We ne'er  
saw it ;)  
Unto us it clear appears,  
Thou art boxing thine own ears,  
While thy headless doct'r al cap—shame ! why  
so paw it ?

II.

Thy stale sophisms We've conn'd  
well,  
Calm, unsway'd by warping spell—  
In the empyrean vision of CHIEF PASTOR ;  
And we notify thee, hark !  
To collide with Peter's bark  
Means, on this and yonder shore, supreme  
disaster.

III.

In Our peerless Urban school,  
Learned'st not how to keep cool ?  
Alas ! full quick wayward urchins dodge their  
lessons !  
Head and heart alike soon turn,  
Into scorpions that burn—  
Such reckless priests curses spread instead of  
“blessin's.”

IV.

“ Emancipate all labor ! ”  
False, fribble, sly palaver—  
Crude, rancid cantWe loathe as simply bestial :  
On thy soul a golden brand,  
Hold ! bespatterest with sand !  
Priests should soar to higher regions all cele-  
stial !

V.

Why not embark in letters ?  
Break culture's iron fetters ?  
Go to sea ? or shoulder arms ? or something  
bigger ?  
Or exploit some winsome part  
In the fairy realms of Art ?  
Why descend so low to play coarse cellar-  
digger ?

VI.

Give up mock Theology,  
Take up Ichthyology,  
In due course, we ween, they'll acclaim thee  
Doctor Fish !  
But within the Master's House,  
List ! no tricky, vicious chouse  
May chaos breed. Beware ! only themselves  
such dish.

VII.

Thy extremely shallow pate  
Would depict all real estate  
As a cancer in the bowels of creation—  
Would enthrone State despotism  
Above rank absolutism  
By a weird, barbaric scheme of confiscation.

VIII.

Would'st depose the gang in power,  
Far viler elves t' embower,  
'Mid luscious plums of fragrant pelf and  
plunder ;  
In spurious indignation,  
Cast dust all o'er the nation,  
Ha entomb a Continent in blood and thun-  
der.

IX.

Pray, is government a myth ?  
Rather, is it not the pith  
Of wickedness in demented men t' ambition,  
Under pretence of "reform,"  
T' arouse a ruinous storm,  
Then pluck th' "unearned increment" of po-  
sition ?

X.

God rained down upon the land,  
The sweat of thy father's hand ;  
Wretch ! when face down'r'd, cross his knees  
he spank'd thee well,  
All too soon th' old man let up—  
Christians sip the wormwood cup.  
Arise, avenger ! worm remorse ! ope gaping  
Hell !

## XI.

Blaze th' incendiary's fuse !  
What have murd'rous cranks to lose ?  
Without honor, credit, fortune, reputation !  
Homes of happiness ignite ?  
Plenty, peace, and progress blight ?  
Crushing myriad guileless hearts in desola-  
tion !

## XII.

What ! thinkest, in sooth, to sham  
That grave Mentor—Uncle Sam ?  
In loyal son, ah me ! parricidal raking !  
But We'll show, before We've done,  
Thy mental web's too thin spun—  
Thieves oft twist their own death-couch in  
halter-making.

XIII.

Our late predecessor's feet,  
With unbounded love to greet,  
Came pilgrims from all States of great Colum-  
bia—  
To revere this See of Sees,  
They defied proud Neptune's sneeze  
(We were then a plain Archbishop down in  
Umbria.)

XIV.

Nay, long centuries before,  
Tell historians galore  
(Unto no nation Primal Chair deigns to pan-  
der,)  
When the jealous Portuguese,  
Fain 'd thwart *the* Genoese,  
Say, Doctor mine ! who drew the line ? Pope  
Alexander !

XV.

Nor floats abroad, unfurl'd,  
In this vast, majestic world  
(Our own undimm'd Tiara greets her lustrous  
Stars ! )  
One flag in whose ample fold  
Pontiff, prelates, people hold—  
Such Stripes to lash the frenzied votaries of  
Mars !

XVI.

Touching Mr. Buncombe George  
(Chatter-boxes must disgorge)  
'Tis writ—How keep his fingers clean that  
toucheth pitch ?  
Even school-boys understand,  
As 'twixt law and lifeless land,  
“ Can the blind lead the blind”—save into the  
ditch ?

XVII.

What alliance with the spade,  
Hath the ministerial blade  
Of Christ's generals high empow'r'd to lead  
the fold ?  
    Trail the altar in the dust ?  
    Burn incense to the lust ?  
Of monstrous firebrands whose sole god is  
filthy gold ?

XVIII.

Then beloved, erring child  
(We would breathe but accents mild,) Ponder deep that thrice-blest day of Ordination !  
When the Pentecostal Dove  
'Spous'd thy soul in hallow'd love—  
Mystic Lamb' immolate in clean oblation.

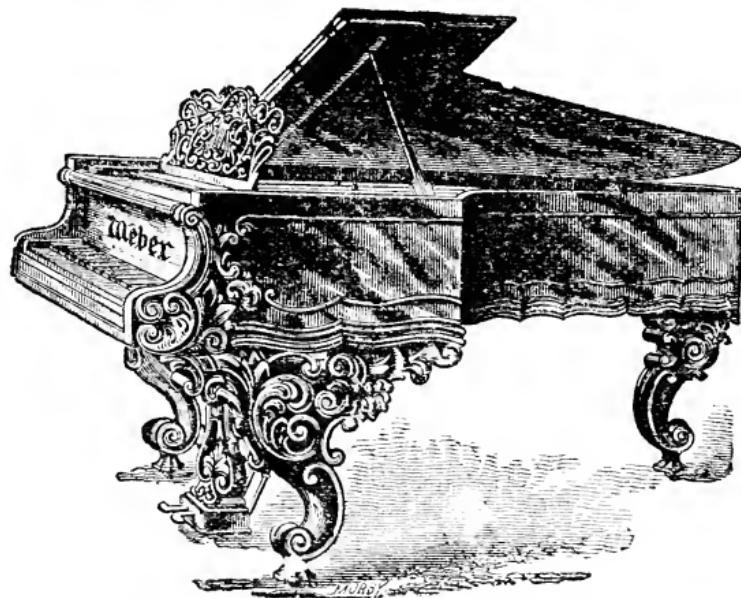
## XIX.

From a Pontiff's heart immense,  
T'ward all weaklings void of sense,  
To Him who purg'd of old Isaiah's lips with  
fire,  
Our best orisons ascend  
Thy odd, hircic ways to mend,  
Magdalene's tears and stout resolve thy breast  
inspire.

## XX.

Avaunt ! Plutonic nitre !  
Revere thy Bishop's mitre,  
See the lowly, gentle, graceful, drooping  
osier !  
Humbly bow thy stubborn neck,  
Scandal's turbid torrent check,  
Else depart ! with deathless smart of  
PETER'S CROZIER !!!

WEBER.



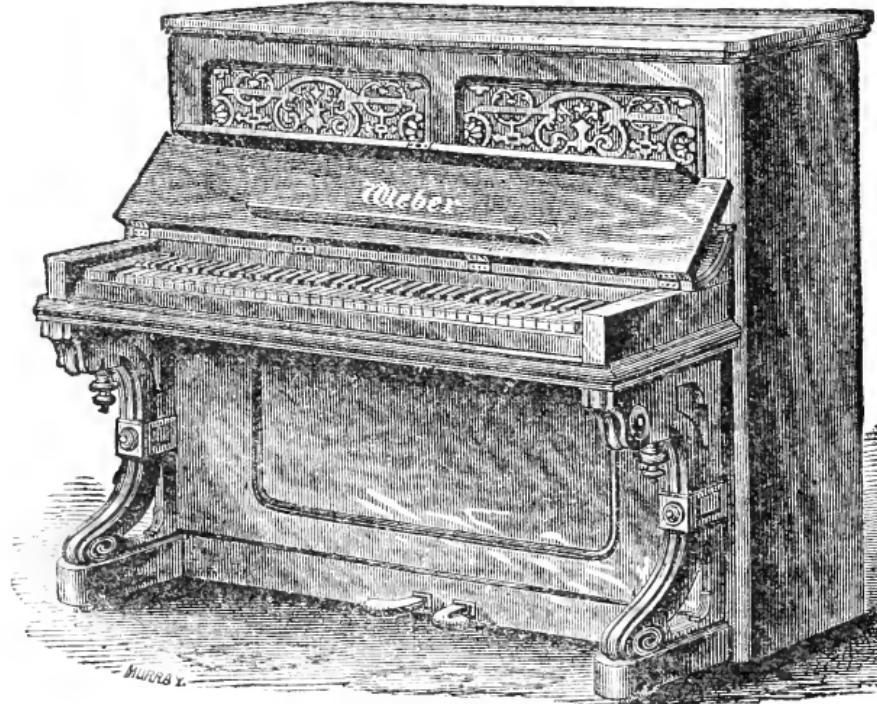
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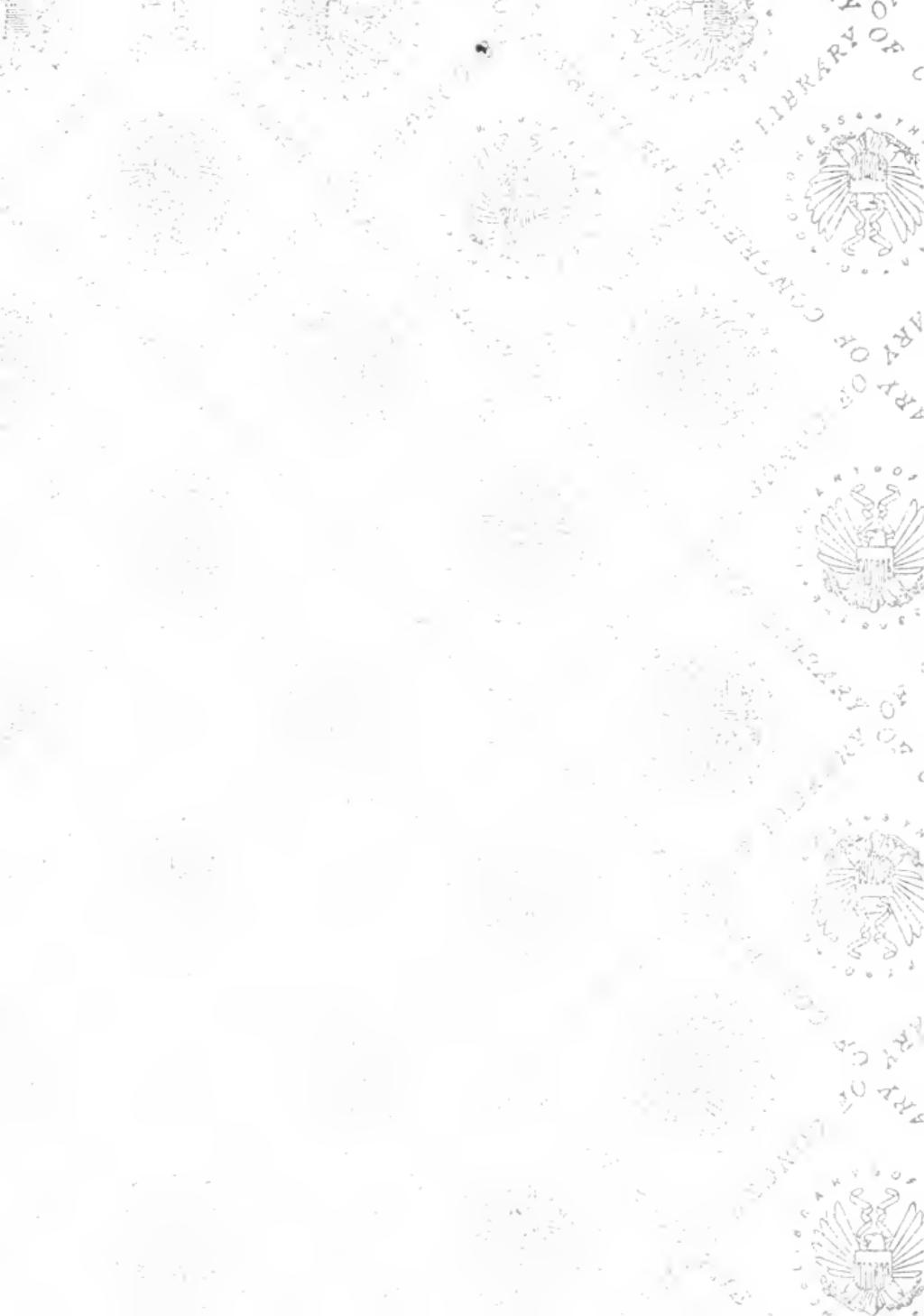
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